for wormes, but Ile goe ſearch the market. *Exit.*

Pand. Three are foure thouſand Chickeens were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and ſo give over.

Baud. Why, to give over I pray you? Is it a ſhamē to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our credit comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could picke up ſome pretty eſtate, t'were not amiſſe to keepe our doore hatch'd; beſides, the ſore termes wee ſtand upon with thē gods, will be ſtrong with us for giving ore.

Baud. Come, other ſorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we, I, and better too, we offend worſe, neither is our profeſſion any Trade, it's no calling: but here comes *Boult.*

Enter Boult with the Pirats and Marina.

Boult. Come your wayes my maſters, you ſay ſhe's a virgin?

Sayl. O ſir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Maſter, I have gone through for this peece you ſee, If you like her, ſo; if not, I have loſt my earneſt.

Baud. Boult, ha's ſhe any qualities?

Boult, Shee ha's a good face, ſpeakes well, and ha's excellent good cloathes: there is no further neceſſitie of qaulities can make her be refuſd.

Baud. What's her price *Boult*?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thouſand peeces.

Pand. Well, follow me my maſters, you ſhall have your money preſently: wife take her in, inſtruct her what ſhe has to do that ſhe may not be raw in her entertainment.

Baud. Boult, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry; He that will give moſt, ſhall have her firſt. Such a maiden-head were no cheape thing, if men were as they have bene: Get this done as I commandyou.

Boult. Performance ſhall follow. *Exit.*

Mar. Alacke that *Leonine* was ſo ſlacke, ſo ſlow:
He ſhould have ſtrucke, not ſpoke;

Or

Of that theſe Pirates, not enough barbarous,
Had not ore-boord throwne me, for to ſeeke my mo
Baud. Why weepe you pretty one?
Mar. That I am pretty.
Baud. Come, the gods have done their part in you
Mar. I accuſe them not.
Baud. You are light into my hands,
Where you are like to live.
Mar. The more my fault, to ſcape his hands,
Where I was like to die.
Baud. I, and you ſhall live in pleaſurē.
Mar. No.
Baud. Yes indeede ſhall you, and taſte Gentleme
ſhions. You ſhall fare well; you ſhall have the diffe
complexions: what de'ye ſtop your eares?
Mar. Are you a woman?
Baud. What would you have me to be, if I be
man?
Mar. An honeſt woman, or not a woman.
Baud. Marry whip thee Goſling: I thinke I ſhall
to do with you. Come, ye'arē a young fooliſh ſapling
be bowed as I would have ye.
Mar. The gods defend me.
Baud. If it pleaſe the gods to defend you by men,
muſt comfort you, men muſt feede you, men muſt ſti
Boults return'd.

Enter Boult.

Now ſir, haſt thou cride her through the Market?
Boult. I have cride her almoſt to the number of
I have drawne her picture with my voyce.
Baud. And prethee tell me, how doſt thou finde t
tion of the people, eſpecially of the yonger ſort?
Boult. Faith they liſtend to me, as they would have
to theirs fathers Teſtament. There was a Spaniards
watered, that he went to bed to her very deſcription
Baud. Wee ſhall have him here to morrow wi
ſuffe on.

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